My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare ſome noyſe within, deare Loue adue:
Anon good Nurſe, ſweet *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
*Ro.* O bleſſed, bleſſed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering ſweet to be ſubſtantiall.
*Iu.* Three words deare *Romeo*, & goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honourable,
Thy purpoſe Marriage, ſend me word to morrow,
By one that ile procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt performe the rights
And all my fortunes at thy foote Ile lay,
And follow thee my Loue throughout the World. Madam.
I come, anon: but if thou meaneſt not well,
I doe beſeech thee (by and by I come) Madam.
To ceaſe thy ſute, and leaue me to my griefe,
To morrow will I ſend.
*Ro.* So thriue my ſoule.
*Iu.* A thouſand times good-night.
*Ro.* A thouſand times the worſe to want thy ſight,
Loue goes toward loue as Schoole-boyes from their Bookes,
But loue from loue, toward Schoole with heauie lookes.

*Enter* Iuliet *againe.*

*Iu.* Hiſt *Romeo*, hiſt, O for a Falkners voice,
To lure this Taſſell gentle backe againe,
Bondage is hoarſe, and may ſpeake aloude,
Elſe would I teare the Caue where Eccho lyes,
And make her ayrie tongue more hoarſe, then myne
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
*Ro.* It is my loue that cals vpon my name.
How ſiluer ſweet, ſound Louers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt Muſicke to attending eares.
*Iu. Romeo.*
*Rom.* My Deere.
*Iul.* What a clock to morrow





Shall I ſend to thee?
*Ro.* By the houre of nine.
*Iuli.* I will not faile, tis twentie yeares till then,
I haue forgot why I did call thee backe.
*Ro.* Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.
*Iuli.* I ſhall forget, to haue thee ſtill ſtand there,
Remembring how I loue thy company.
*Ro.* And Ile ſtill ſtay, to haue thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
*Iuli.* Tis almoſt morning, I would haue thee gon
And yet no farther then a wantons Bird,
That lets it hop a little from his hand,
Like poore Priſoner in his twiſted gyues.
And with a ſilken thred plucks it backe againe,
So louing Iealous of his liberty.
*Rom.* I would I were thy Bird.
*Iu.* Sweet ſo would I,
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing:
Good night, good night.
Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good-night, till it be morrow.
*Ro.* Sleepe dwell vpon thine eyes, peace in thy bre
Would I were ſleepe and peace ſo ſweet to reſt
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Friers cloſe Cell,
His helpe to craue, and my deare hap to tell.

*Enter Fryer alone with a Baſket.*

*Fri.* The grey eyde morne ſmiles on the frownin
Checkring the Eaſterne Cloudes with ſtreakes of lig
And fleckeld darkneſſe like a drunkard reeles,
From forth dayes path, and *Titans* burning wheeles,
Now ere the Sunne aduance his burning eye,
The day to cheere, and nights danke dew to dry,
I muſt vpfill this Oſier Cage of ours,
With baleſull weeds, and precious iuyced flowers,
The earth that's natures mother in her Tombe,
What is her burying Graue, that is her wombe: